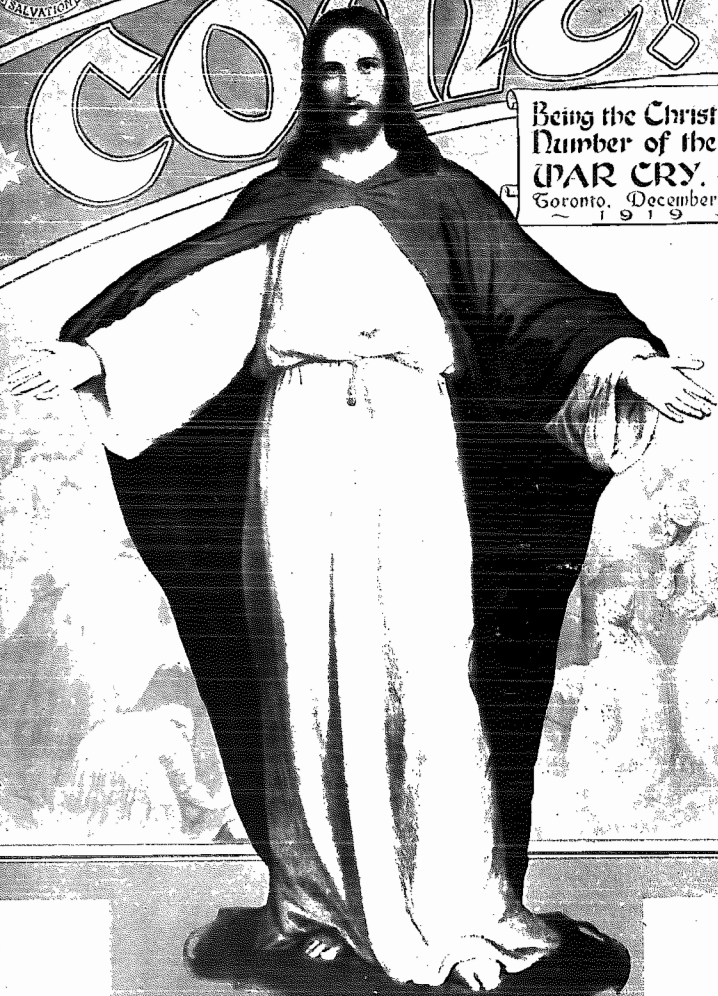




COME!

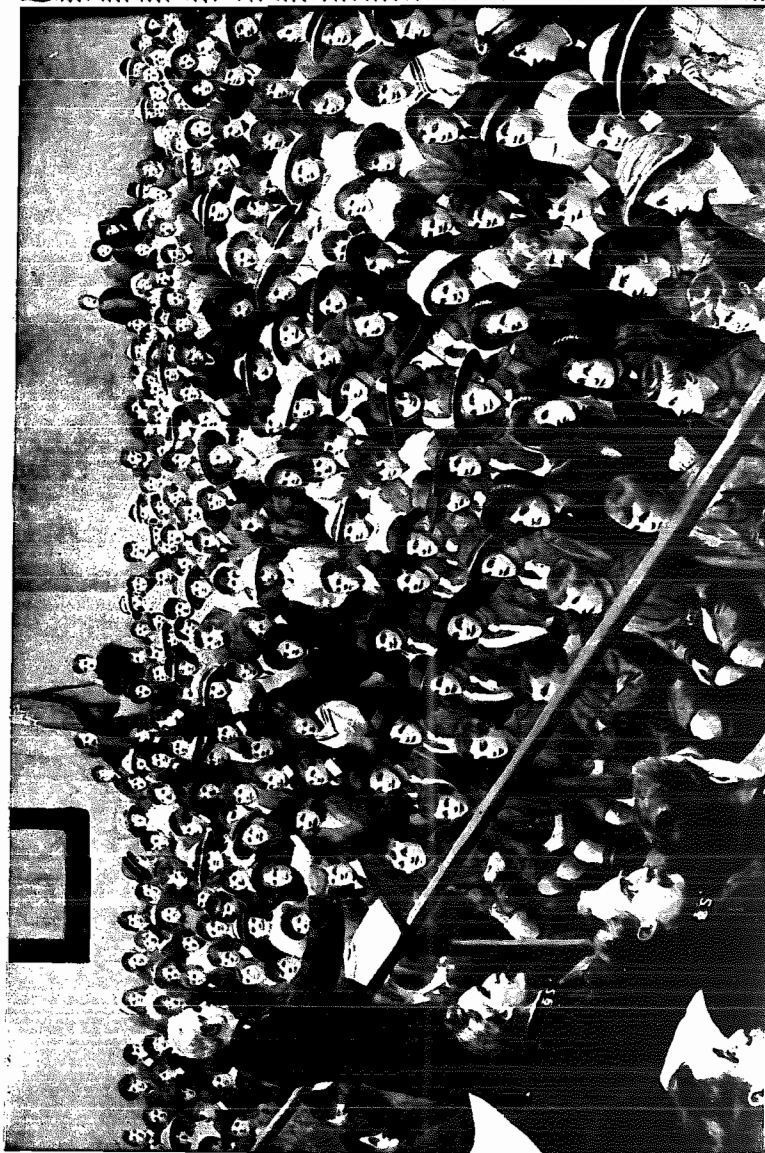
Being the Christmas
Number of the
WAR CRY.
Toronto, December 20th
1919



CHRIST CALLS ALL

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Blessed Jesus, lead our children
Into paths of service, sweet,
More than computers, let us see them
Using their power to Thy love!



The General with the Young People

This is the third of the series of studies of the General! Canadian made for the Canadian War Cry by the British Legion. The General is a young man, a student, in Council addressing a crowded theatre meeting, not, again, in Council. He is a young man, a student, in Council addressing a crowded theatre meeting, not, again, in Council. He is a young man, a student, in Council addressing a crowded theatre meeting, not, again, in Council.

of the State, many years ago, were become not only a successful in regard to the numbers who attend and the interest displayed. Already there are hundreds of Officers in the service, and many of them, and these Officers, who are doing such a noble work, are being trained in the service, and these Officers, who are doing such a noble work, are being trained in the service.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

God loved the world of sinners that
And ransom by the fall of
The Son of Man, the only one,
He offers free to all.

A CHRISTMAS QUERY

By the General

"Jesus was born in Bethlehem."—Matthew ii, 1. "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—Ephesians iii, 17.

HERE is the soul, the very substance of our holy faith—of that wondrous revelation and experience which we call Christianity. **Jesus in Bethlehem—and Jesus in our hearts.** Hallelujah!

We cannot too often remind ourselves, and one another, that Christ's religion is not a system of rules and laws, but something in us—a **state of the heart**. It is not a theory of things, be that theory never so wise or true—but a **soul—a life**. It is nothing more nor less than this—**Jesus Christ in us**—in our hearts by love and faith—to will and to do of His good pleasure. That, and that alone, makes a man a Christian.

Let there be no mistake about this. The man who does not know Christ by experience—who is not possessed by the same purpose as Christ—is out of it altogether! He may have no end of good qualities. He may observe any number of religious ceremonial. He may be ever so much believed in by those who know him. He may be able to enrich his life with all sorts of good deeds and high thoughts. But if he has not Jesus Christ dwelling in him—if he does not know in his own daily experience what it is to love and trust and obey Christ with the heart—well, he is none of His!

Well now, if He is to dwell in us, He must be born in us. And if He is born in us, the striking qualities of His Nature will appear in ours. That is another secret of Christianity. It is a union of life and spirit—our life and spirit united—mingled—mixed—with the Life and Spirit of Jesus, and His Life and Spirit united with ours.

Other systems of religion have asked for men's faith—but ours is more than believing. Other religions have demanded obedience—but ours is more than obeying God. Other religions have required worship and adoration—but ours is even more than worship. **Ours is union with God. Being made of one mind with Christ—of one spirit and will with Him—of one heart with His.**

But, I was saying, if He is to dwell in our hearts, He must be born into them and take possession of them with His own Nature. That will mean—

I.

We shall be sharers of the Divine Nature. The Divine life and strength will come to us. **He is the Son of Man with power.** That is the secret of bad people becoming good people. It is not by their striving and struggling to be good, but by God Himself, in Jesus Christ, coming in to them and making it just the thing to be good, instead of just the thing to be bad and feel and think and act bad—and more bad.

Oh, has Jesus been born in you after this fashion? **Has He?** Bethlehem was grand

—but there is nothing in Bethlehem for you—nothing—unless He is born in you also.

II.

Jesus was born to **save**. He came not only to lift us up but to be near us and with us, in our misery and guilt, and to show us how to deal with them. And so He wants to be born in us to the same end for others—to make us saviours like Himself. That is what we Salvationists mean by our beautiful motto "**SAVED TO SAVE!**" Have you received Him like that?

Jesus came to Bethlehem Himself. He wanted to be near us. And now, born in you, He will shed abroad His love in your heart, kindling yours, and sending you out to the lost, to the broken and the sinning—to be near them in their condemnation and suffering—and to take them one by one and bring them to Him.

III.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem for **Sacrifice**. The shadow of the Cross lay right over the Manger. He was born to trouble. He was born to be the tremendous price—paid in blood and tears—of our freedom. He was born to die that we might live. Mary knew it—the Wise Men knew it—Herod knew it. He knew it Himself. Yes! He dwelt all along in the consciousness of it. He said "... for this cause came I to this hour." Has He been born in us, and does He dwell in us like this? **That is the real Jesus**, the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief—sorrows and grief not for His own sin, but for our sin, for the sins of the whole world.

Can we say we know Him like this? Does He dwell with us? Does that love burn with our love—that love for the unwashed, the unworthy, the ungrateful? That is the love greater than the greatest love of man, which lays down its life for its friend—that is the love which lays down its life for its foe. **Have you received it?** Is He not only in Himself, compassion and sympathy and a spirit of sacrifice, but is He compassion and sympathy with the sinful and the spirit of sacrifice in you? Comrade! reader of "The War Cry"! that is my brief and simple question this Christmas-time.

One more word. This revelation of Jesus—the same Jesus—ought to be yours. We know it ought. You know it ought. **And it can be yours.** There is never an **ought** where there is not also a **can!** "I can do all things through Christ," so Paul said and believed and lived. So also can you say and believe and live.

Oh, my dear Salvationist! this is the great Gift—the great Necessity for you. Nothing less than this, to be Christ's—His very own—and to be Christ's by His conquering Spirit before the world.

Come vnto Me all ye that labour and
are heauy laden and I will giue you rest

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

feeling homesick. This caused a jump to rise in Bob's throat, but he restrained his feelings with an effort, and stated that he was not feeling very well.

Here comes the Captain; he's got another haul! and 'Ood night, Captain! who's yer new friend?' arose on every hand. The Captain returned the greetings genially, and led me through to a separate room which he called his office. "Now, to cut a long story short, boys," that nian fed me, nursed me, got the filian out of my system, and generally tolerated me up. Not only did he do this, but he watched me day and night, and

During the afternoon he worked on in vain. The ease of mind, which had been his for a brief space during the morning, had deserted, and thoughts of failure and defeat were rampant. His moral dejection of spirits was noticed by the man working near him, who, being kindly disposed, enquired whether he was



That man fed me!

**Mrs. General Booth,
British Commissioner**

Mrs. Booth, it will be known, is not only an ardent champion of woman's right to active service in the cause of God and the people, but for the better part of the past forty years has been a leader in the Salvation War. In 1884 she was placed in charge of the Women's Social Work, which position

she retained until the death of the Army's Founder in 1912. Early in the present year she gave further proof of the practical nature of her view of woman's position in the Salvation Army, by assuming, at the direction of the General, the responsible and onerous position of British Commissioner

"What is the matter?"

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

In darkest shades, if I there appear,
My shining is light,
And I, my soul, I bring Morning Star,
And I, my soul, I bring Dawn.



["War Cry" Photos

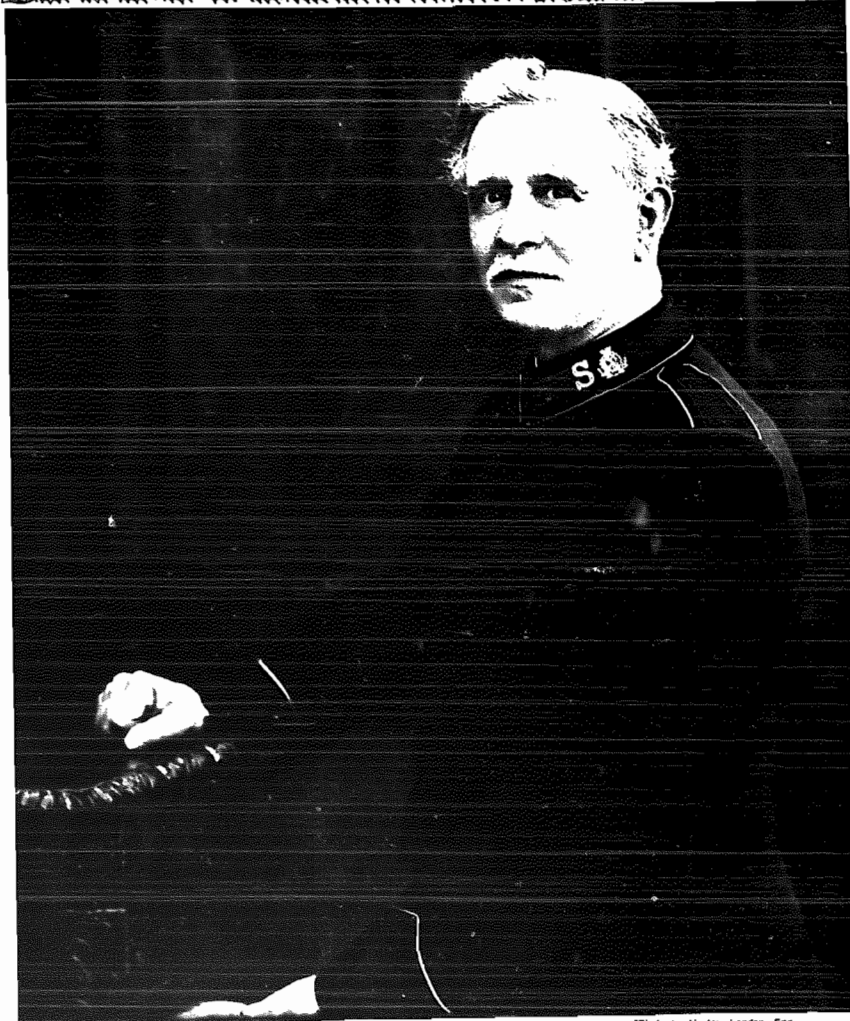
**Our Fresh - Air
Camp on :: ::
Lake Simcoe ::**

(1) Main Buildings from the Lake Shore
Road; (2) "Hurrah!" Four parties of mothers
and children similar to this were each given a
two-weeks' stay at the Camp; (3) Shady woods
and sunny beaches make the district delightful;
(4) Under the cedars—a corner of "The Grove."

the Camp "cathedral." These pictures will give
friends who contribute to the Fresh-Air Fund
some idea of the healthful holiday their dona-
tions provide, through the agency of the
Salvation Army, for needy city children when
the sweltering heat of summer is here.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

The opening heavens opened and shine
With beams of glory light,
For Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whosoever I am His.



[Photo by Hester, London, Eng.

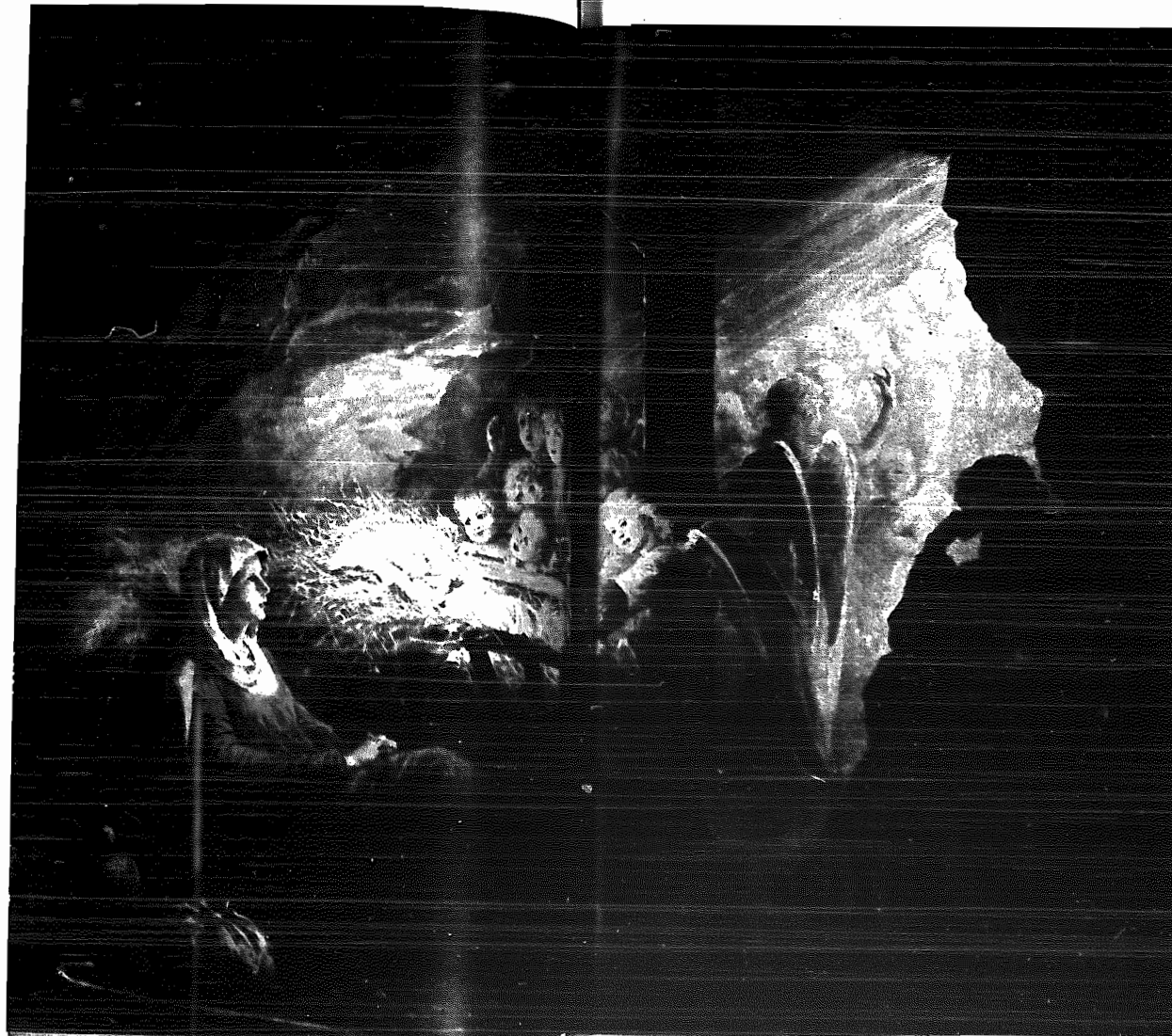
**The Chief of
the Staff :: ::**

Commissioner Edward J. Higgins has not
only himself attained a position of high rank
and great usefulness in the Salvation Army, but
is the son of a Commissioner, whose memory
is greatly revered. His own Officership dates
back to 1882. His service abroad—he was at
one time Chief Secretary for the United States

Territory—as well as his extensive travels, his
association with the Foreign Office, and his
long experience in various branches of Salva-
tion Army warfare, have added to his natural
ability a fine equipment for his present posi-
tion, to which he was called by the General in
the Spring of the present year.



AROUND the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.



The Ministration of the Children

This beautiful picture shows the
Jesus thronged with child-angels. It
Saviour in His agony in Gethsemane
pictures declare,
can we not well imagine with the
bodyguard of
His earliest hours would be made up of
who had been
taken home to Heaven before their
sullied by the

world? Anyway, the children were very near to His heart in the
days of His ministry, and if this picture helps us to feel more of
the tenderness towards the little ones that He so earnestly strove
to inculcate, it will have served a worthy purpose. "Suffer the
little children to come unto Me," he said, "and forbid them not:
for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

[Copyright]



IN FLOWING robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!



Can 'oo Mend My Dollie ?

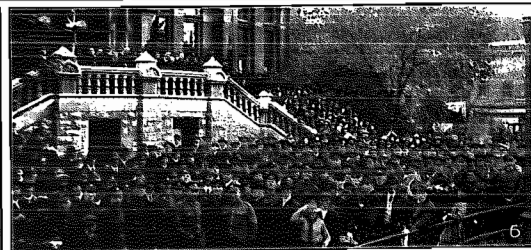
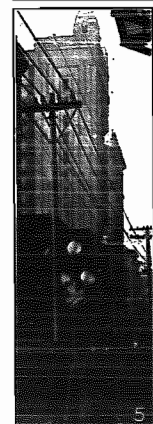
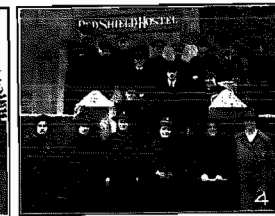
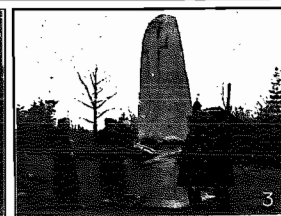
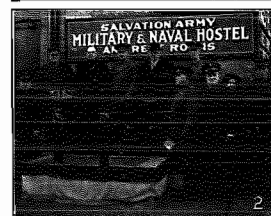
We smile at the childish wail of the fair-haired little girl who takes her broken "dolly" to the heart blacksmith for mending. Has anyone a broken dolly? The smith is at any rate a kindly soul who would do anything he could for the little

girl, but too often we who ought to know better take our broken dolly and repair it ourselves. There is only one true blacksmith who would do anything he could for the little girl, but too often we who ought to know better take our broken dolly and repair it ourselves. There is only one true blacksmith who would do anything he could for the little

Copyright, S. Hildesheimer & Co., London, Eng.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!



Some of the Year's Events Recalled

(1) Toronto Training College Division Home League Picnic presided over by Mrs. Commissioner Richards; (2) Opening of Vancouver Hostel; (3) Commissioner Howard laying a memorial wreath on the "Empress" Monument, Mount Pleasant; (4) At Opening of Halifax Hostel; (5 and 6) Reminders of the way in which the Salvation Army Red Shield Cam-

paign held the heart of Toronto; (6) Launching of Winnipeg Drive on the City Hall steps; (7) Welcome Home to Returning Soldiers at North Toronto Station, one of the many occasions in which Salvation Army Bands have joined in giving hearty greeting to heroes from overseas; (8) Life-Saving Guards salute Commissioner Richards at Jackson's Point Camp.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Come, then, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be here, great or small,
For God hath made us all his kindred.



The Cradle Roll— Our Coming Army

On this page there are between four and five hundred portraits of sturdy and bright youngsters who are representative of thousands of others whose names are on the Cradle Roll of our Young People's Corps throughout Canada. The organization of the Salvation Army Junior Green, part of whose duty it is to take special Cradle Roll till they pass into the Senior Corps,

and workers are everywhere wanted to put it into full effect. Are you doing your part? Inset are portraits of Mrs. Commissioner Richards and one of her grandsons, whose parents (Adjutant and Mrs. Daniel Richards) have been on furlough in Canada from South America, and Mrs. Brigadier Green, part of whose duty it is to take special interest in the Cradle Roll.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

See, by my Lord, on you I call,
The love also is to all;
Come, all the world come, sooner than I
All things in Christ are ready now.

RISEN FROM THE RANKS ::

Career of Colonel W. J. B. Turner,
Chief Secretary for Canada West.
A Man who "Sees Things Through."

SOMEONE has said, "The secret of success is constancy of purpose." In the career of Colonel W. J. B. Turner, Canada West's Chief Secretary, we have an exemplification of this truth. Ever since his promotion to the rank of full Colonel, in August of last year, we have been endeavouring to secure up-to-date photos of the Colonel and Mrs. Turner, and some particulars of their careers for "The War Cry." We are now pleased to be able to include these in our Christmas Number.

The longer one is associated with the Colonel (writes H. G. C.) the more impressed one becomes with the really remarkable manner in which he applies himself day in and day out to the multifarious duties which, by virtue of his position, devolve upon him. In this connection one is reminded of a tribute paid him by Commissioner Richards some years ago—"The Colonel," he said, "sees a thing through." The trait in his character, combined with the Grace of God, is no doubt the key to his success as a Salvation Army Officer.

PRACTICALLY A CANADIAN

When only two years old Colonel Turner was brought to Canada by his parents. Thus he is practically a Canadian, and he has, in every sense of the term, "risen from the ranks" to his present position as second in command of the Army's Forces in Western Canada.

When a lad, his parents resided in the suburbs of Toronto, where he was brought up, receiving his education at the Toddenden and Davisville schools. Young Will Turner was diligent in his studies, but after the death of his mother, which occurred when he was about fourteen years of age, his headstrong nature asserted itself, and he wanted to leave home and make his way in the world. His father had other plans for his boys, and took up land where they eventually settled. The breach widened between him and his father, and Will eventually



Adjutant and Mrs. Turner—1895



Lieutenant Turner—1895

ultimately to live with an aunt who resided in Toronto. This aunt had great ambitions for her nephew, for she was set on his becoming either a clergyman or a doctor. Her desires in this respect never materialized. One evening her husband, when he returned home, told her of the remarkable meetings that were being held by the Yorkville Corps. The account was so intensely interesting to young Turner, that he left the house secretly and paid a visit to one of the meetings, which made a great impression upon him.

INTEREST AND EXCITEMENT

About a year afterwards he was converted in a Methodist Revival, and a week later became a Soldier of the Salvation Army. His Soldier days were full of interest and no little excitement, for at that time the Organization was far from being understood.

Feeling the call to the Work, he became a Cadet and was appointed to Acton, Ontario. This was in 1894. Between this date and 1895, the Colonel was appointed to various Corps, three as Cadet, two as Lieutenant, and twice as Captain. In October, 1895, he and Captain Annie Barker were married, Mrs. Turner being an Officer of four years' successful Field experience, her last Corps previous to her marriage being Unbridge, Ontario. His beloved partner has proved herself a tower of strength to her husband, who attributes his success, apart from Divine favour, to the whole-hearted sympathy and practical support she has always given

him in his efforts to bring into effect his cherished ideals relating to his service for God in the Salvation Army. Following the Colonel's various appointments, aforementioned as a Field Officer, increased responsibilities were placed upon him, and he was made District Officer—first at St. Catharines, Ontario. It is interesting to note that Major Sims (the Young People's Secretary for Canada West) was his Lieutenant at that time. Promotion to Ensign followed, and he was appointed to Barrie and District. He was a Divisional Commander of the Central Ontario and Western Ontario Provinces during 1898-99, during which time he held the rank of Adjutant. Promoted to Staff-Captain, he was appointed Chancellor to the Pacific Province, the Headquarters at that time (1899) being in Spokane, Washington.

PREPARED FOR RESPONSIBILITY

The Colonel's seven years as a Provincial Officer prepared him for the greater responsibilities which were soon to follow. It helped to develop his executive and administrative ability and to fit him as a leader. During the four years previous to his appointment as Territorial Secretary, to the then newly-formed Territory of Canada West, duties of a very diversified nature fell to the Colonel's lot. He was Subscribers' Secretary; then the duties of Property Secretary were added to his responsibilities, after which he was appointed Property and Immigration Secretary. These positions presented a wide field of opportunity for acquiring knowledge and experience, of which the Colonel took full advantage. In 1917 he was appointed Chief Secretary, which was followed, as already intimated, in August, 1918, by his promotion to full Colonel.



Colonel and Mrs. Turner—1919

:: Hospitals for Women ::

HERE are few women who have not at some period, when ruffled by illness by the way of operation has been talked of, or other circumstances, have made it desirable they should go where skilled attention can be obtained, longed for a place that combined the best characteristics of home and hospital. It is to meet this need in a way which brings it within the reach of all that the Salvation Army has developed, and is still further developing, Maternity Hospitals, both by adding to the accommodation of those already in existence and by erecting new where circumstances demand it.

During the year the fine building at London which has been added to the existing institutions there, was placed in full commission under the name of Bethesda Hospital. Our pictures give three views of the front, as it stands "embowered in the beautiful and health-giving surroundings of the Forest City."

Doctors and hospital experts who have inspected "Bethesda" say that building and equipment comply with the latest requirements of medical science; patients have put on record that they have found it not only a place where they have received skilful treatment; but that the "atmosphere" is so homelike that the dread which talk of "hospitals" formed in the mind of many a woman who had been completely removed from the prospective patient's mind.



ties are provided for the performance of operations. A very special feature of "Bethesda" and some other of these Hospitals are the facilities which are provided by the establishment in the adjoining grounds of Homes for Children. It very often happens that one of a mother's greatest anxieties is what is to be done with her family during the time that she is

laid aside. Not only is the worry this entails prejudicial, but too frequently, natural maternal solicitude leads to a much too early return to active participation in household duties, with consequences that bring life-long suffering. When the mother is in hospital, the children can be cared for in these Homes, where they are well looked after and made happy till the time comes for them to return with mother, well and strong, to their own dwelling.

Prominent among the Institutions already in existence is the Grace Hospital of which Winnipeg is so justifiably proud. Large and important extensions have recently been carried out there.

At Halifax, during the Congress recently conducted by Commissioner Richards, the foundation stone was laid of a Women's Hospital which, when completed, will be the largest the Army has in the whole of Canada. Windsor (Ont.) and North Sydney are other places where Hospitals are to be established, that at Windsor will probably be opened before these words are in print.

Applications for service in the Women's Hospitals established by the Salvation Army in the various cities of the Dominion are invited. They should be addressed to the Secretary, Women's Social Work, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., or to the nearest Canadian War News, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Just the very thought of Thee
Doth better far Than any food
And in Thy presence true.



Good Evidence of Progress in China

(1) Peking North Corps, opened in April, 1918. There are now over thirty Corps in operation.
(2) Cadets of the second Session of the Officers' Training College in Peking at a lecture. The speaker is Mrs. Adjutant Pennick, the wife of the Principal. In these pictures is proof that

the devotion of men and money to the Salvation of China, in which these Territories have taken a good share, is bearing good fruit. Salvationists and friends who unite in the annual Self-Defence Week will find in them much cause for gratification.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Oh how of every comfort heart
To those who fall how kind Thou art.
How good to those who wait!

The Save World Army in Northern China :

Three Days of Travel, Business, Human Interest and Salvation Work In a New World Viedly Described by Staff-Captain Ernest Pugmire

EARLY one Friday morning Lieutenant Bern and I board the train at the Peking Hai Chih Men (West Straight Gate) Station, and with difficulty secure a seat in one of the third-class coaches—a vehicle most inferior in comfort to our Canadian colonist cars. The car is crowded to suffocation, but by dint of a little good-humoured bantering and pushing we manage to get settled for the long journey before us.

Lieutenant Bern who accompanies me as interpreter is an American, of Norwegian parentage, and speaks Norwegian, Swedish, Norwegian Chinese, and English with equal fluency. To see the look of amazement on the faces of the Chinese when they hear a foreigner chatting as freely in their own language as they do themselves is amusing. It isn't long, therefore, before hien-tian is started between us, and they have our names, addresses, destination, profession, and a host of other details, and we are possessed of the same information regarding themselves. What fathers they are, and what a terrific pound of curiosity they all seem to possess. They are a jolly, happy crowd, and almost child-like in their interest in everything and everybody.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAY

The railway on which we are travelling is the only one in China, entirely owned and controlled by the Chinese Government, and it is a credit to them. The rock cuttings, bridges, culverts, tunnelling, ballast-etc., are solidly executed, and the service is good. In fact, while sitting in the diner having a bit of lunch, and viewing the mountain scenery, it was hard to realize I was in China and not on the Canadian Pacific somewhere near Field or Danth. One interesting feature of this railway, especially to a Finnish Department representative, is the fact that, being Government owned, it will accept at full value Bank of China notes which, at present, are elsewhere only worth sixty-five per cent. of their face value, and which, of course, we are able to buy at the money exchange rate at that figure.

At 5.30 in the afternoon we arrive at Kalgan, a thriving bustling, populous place, and the gateway to the Great Wall. The Army opened here about nine months ago, and while progress is necessarily slow, some good converts have been secured and one can sense a feeling of friendliness towards us on the part of both the officials and people.

My first business is to inspect a property that had been offered to us, which in Canada would be a comparatively simple job, but here involves a great deal of the nature of a mass meeting, for immediately you step to look at anything, no matter what, you are surrounded by a crowd of curious, questioning Chinese. However, we get through, and after indulging in a good meal prepared by Captain Gustafson, a Finnish Officer assisting Ensign Drury, we sail forth to the open air.

We are scarcely outside the door before the sight of the flag, drum, and tambourine attracts the crowds, and we are followed by a laughing, shouting, noisy crowd of people, big and little, many of the youngsters being without a stitch of clothing. We reach an upper terrace, of which there are many, and many are back of the crowd, and I observe to form a ring, but it is almost impossible to get them to do so. The Chinese Lieutenant gives out, "We've come for the Land," and we get to the chorus, "Will you go?" or, as it is in Chinese, "Chi yeh chieh, not go, everybody joins in. Somebody once told me in Canada that Chinese couldn't sing, but all they seem to be showing now, and the Salvation Army is certainly doing this. The Chi Shin Cuh teh jin (Salvationists) sing each verse, and the crowd thrums in with the chorus, "Chi yeh chieh," each time. Several of the converts, not simply saying, "Thank God, I'm saved!" but having a straight two or three-minute pitch-in at the crowd. Lieutenant Bern then grips them for five minutes or so with the Old, Old Story, we pray, and march off to the Hall, singing "Follow, I will follow Jesus."

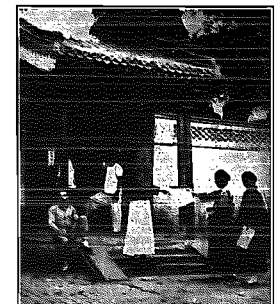
THE CROWD SINGS HEARTILY

We have a rousing meeting indeed, the little Hall being packed with the inevitable air of seven soldiers lined up at the back. The crowd sings heartily from the time we have finished our first hymn, and the character, which every Corps uses. I talk to them through the interpreter about the Great Burden-Bearer, and urge them to accept Christ. They listen attentively, and one's every move; but no one comes, and we close. We then proceed to do business with the owner of the property previously looked at, and by midnight we are on the Canadian ground regarding price.

At dawn next morning we again board the train for Fengchen, some fifteen hundred feet higher and nearer Kalgan. It is a slow train, and it takes us until five in the afternoon to reach our destination. The weather is intensely hot, and we are crowded in a sort of tabernacle, and can see for miles on either side of the railway. For some miles we skirt a foetid stream, and the bank of which is a scorching view of the Great Wall is obtained, with its twisted water towers every hundred feet. Dotted down there are some houses, and what lean-looking cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, and

occasionally we pass a mud-hut village, which appears to be deserted, but which probably contains several hundred people. Finally we reach Fengchen, and are met by the Chinese Lieutenant, Ensign Brandt, the Officer in charge, being away.

My business here is also to inspect property. It happens it is not a good right for a meeting, and as we have only a few hours before dark we partake of a meagre supper—Chinese meal cakes, bits of meat, and some sweetened corn or millet, and then start out. Fengchen is typically Chinese, with very little foreign intrusion—narrow, dirty streets, mud houses and



Chinese Cadets Selling "The War Cry" in Peking

walls, braying donkeys, strings of gaunt-looking camels in charge of dirty, red-robed, shaggy-haired Mongols, naked prostitutes playing in the dirt and mud of the streets, coolies with their long shoulder poles and baskets suspended from their waists, and shopkeepers vainly shouting their wares, etc., etc. As usual, we are followed by a procession of men and children, curious to know what we are up to, and occasionally we hear the remark, "Wat kuel tau li liai"—foreign devils come, as some of the older women retreat behind their mud walls.

FIVE MONTHS UNBURIED

We inspect several properties. In one place, in my anxiety to see all there is to be seen, I insist on entering a room badly and stinking. The first thing that strikes my eyes is a huge Chinese coffin. When I turn to enquire I find my attendants have retreated before the terrible odor, and they again the comparatively close air of the courtyard, I am informed the corpse has been there for five months, the relatives having not yet been able to obtain sufficient money to pay for the cost of burial necessary to the dead man's atonement of life.

Although I did not have the privilege of conducting a meeting here, I met some of the converts—bright and happy, and showing by their whole demeanor that a marvelous change has been wrought in their hearts and lives.

Next morning, when we got to the station, about six o'clock, one of the converts was already there with a "War Cry," selling to the passengers and lookers-on. The stationmaster, who is exceedingly friendly to us, presented us with a few cups of tea.

At ten-thirty we arrive at Tatuming, an important walled city. The station is some distance from the city and the slightly better class with a little white or black Chinese coat and pants—almost all giving out, drawing attention to what is going on.

I read, and give as interesting a talk as I can, drawing illustrations from their own country and customs, and ready to stop if there is any sign of lack of interest.

We go into the prayer meeting. A few make a move for the door, and instantly others make for their seats. We sing, appeal, and urge, but no one decides. Finally we are compelled to close. We pronounce the benediction, but still they sit, and Lieutenant Bern has to tell them to rise and go over. We go into the quarters, but are called back again in a few minutes—one of the converts has brought two out to the Pentecost Farm. We hear around and pray and sing, and finally they say they believe, and will come again to know more.

At 6.30 we are off for Peking. The Chinese Lieutenant accompanies us for some distance along the line, spending much of his time in talking to the passengers, and talking to them about the Christian religion.

After breakfast, and then an off for the meeting. We have recently purchased a very suitable little property here, and made extensive renovations, and the place is a credit, not only to the surroundings, but to our Officers, but attracting some of the better class Chinese to the meetings.

The Hall seats nearly two hundred people, and this morning is comfortably filled. The large Song Shih is brought into requisition; a convert, using a pointer, reads out the characters of a song, and those who are familiar with it join in. I then divide the audience into sections, and try to get the chorus going—first, the children, then the women, then the men, and finally altogether—and before long they almost raise the roof.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN

Some of the converts testify, each coming right up on to the platform without hesitation, and telling what God and the Salvation Army has done for them. They are intelligent-looking young men, and their faces beam while singing or testifying. The crowd soon on, listening respectfully, and appreciating to the full any witness hurried at them by Lieutenant Bern as to their "trying to sing with their mouths closed" and so on. A few move out while I am speaking, but instantly their places are taken by others.

At 8 p.m. the Lieutenant conducts the Hai-tai's (Children's) Meeting. At first the children seem a little frightened and backward, but the Lieutenant tells them every after story to illustrate the wrong-doing, the love of Jesus for them, and so on. We induce two or three of them to come on the platform and sing a chorus, and before we finish they seem thoroughly won over. Not the least interested are several women who have come with their children.

Immediately after the close of this meeting we go to one of the very worst quarters of the city, beat our drum, and tell the matches story of Jesus to the many men, women, and children who gather around us. One's heart wells with sympathetic feeling and love for these poor, dark, ignorant people, and almost instinctively you close your eyes and pray the Holy Spirit to in some way reveal Christ to them. To look at them one would never catch the slightest hint of emotion or feeling, and seems a total lack of that pitiful appeal for Christian light and help that we in other lands are so apt to picture.

At night the Hall is packed to the doors and a number wait outside to get in when others move out. The Chinese Lieutenant lines out "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," and after some coaxing and urging we get nearly everybody to have a cup of the red wine. We ask a convert to pray, and without the slightest hesitation one arises to God on behalf of the meeting. There are three converts (men) to be enrolled as recruits, and the converts are called out, and they come quietly on to the platform. I address them, through the interpreter, briefly outlining the fundamental principles of Salvationism, and reminding them of the great love of God to them in sending their eyes, enlightening their minds, and saving them, and of the honour and privilege of becoming Salvationists, and charges them to continue to prove faithful. They each have a word of testimony. All this time the people give rapid attention, curious, and wondering what is going to happen next.

AN INTERESTING GATHERING

What an interesting crowd they are—old, wrinkled, yellow-faced men, stooped and bent in evidence of a life of never-ending toil, persistently refusing to disclose their physical, which, in many cases, is composed of a few straggly wisps of grey hair, with a cord attached to lighten the illusion of length; tall, thin with their dark blue, knee-length (kangas), trousers drawn in at the ankles, oiled hair and bound feet; middle-aged and younger men and women, the men with closely-shaved heads, wearing a little white or black Chinese coat and pants—almost all giving out, drawing attention to what is going on.

I read, and give as interesting a talk as I can, drawing illustrations from their own country and customs, and ready to stop if there is any sign of lack of interest.

We go into the prayer meeting. A few make a move for the door, and instantly others make for their seats. We sing, appeal, and urge, but no one decides. Finally we are compelled to close. We pronounce the benediction, but still they sit, and Lieutenant Bern has to tell them to rise and go over. We go into the quarters, but are called back again in a few minutes—one of the converts has brought two out to the Pentecost Farm. We hear around and pray and sing, and finally they say they believe, and will come again to know more.

At 6.30 we are off for Peking. The Chinese Lieutenant accompanies us for some distance along the line, spending much of his time in talking to the passengers, and talking to them about the Christian religion.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Ye shall find rest when ye are weary
and ye shall find rest when ye are weary
and ye shall find rest when ye are weary.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

(Continued from Page 6)

proceeded to a deep sense of condemnation came upon Bob. The Captain's address, though simple, was delivered with an authority and sincerity which stirred the congregation. None were wrought upon by the Spirit than Mr. Brown, and although Bob realized this, he felt powerless to say a word to him regarding his soul's salvation.

Shortly after the beginning of the prayer meeting he rose and informed Mr. Brown that it was his intention to leave. The older man, who was under deep conviction, after some hesitation, followed him, and together they left the Hall.

"DOES NOT MIND MATTERS"

For a while neither spoke. At length Mr. Brown said, "It's strange, but I felt led to go to the Army tonight. It's months since I was there, and this was an entertainment of some sort. The little Captain does not mind matters. I felt she was speaking to me personally from the commencement to the finish of her address. Do you know, Bob, if I had stayed longer and anyone had spoken to me, they could have easily persuaded me to surrender. I think that's what they call it, is it not?"

"I think it is," said Bob very quietly. "You're not yourself to-night, my boy. You'll have to see a doctor. If you won't, then I will get my medical kit for you. She's the greatest one to prescribe, and her prescriptions seldom fail to effect a cure."

Mrs. Brown received them with a smile on their return, and was most anxious to know what took place at the meeting and how they enjoyed it, but neither was in a very communicative mood. On being informed by her husband that Bob was "under the weather," she promptly went to work to prepare one of her "patent" prescriptions, as she was pleased to call them, and after administering it to her patient, hustled him off to bed.

Bob spent a restless night, and slept but little. It was not, however, because of any physical indisposition, but on account of the disturbed state of his mind and the anguish of soul from which he was suffering.

MISSED OLDRIOR OPPORTUNITY

"Where are all my good intentions?" he asked himself. He had missed a glorious opportunity of dealing with a man about the state of his soul, a man, who, without doubt, had been powerfully attracted by the Spirit of God.

Mr. Brown's words cut like a knife, and Bob groaned in spirit as he remembered them. "If anyone had spoken to me I believe they could have easily persuaded me to surrender."

Why hadn't he declared himself when he first came to stay with the Browns. It would have been easy then to speak a word in season.

He continued to toss and turn throughout the night, and rose in the morning more weary than when he retired.

(To be continued.)

HIS BIRTHDAY

Jesús! birthday! Do you know it?
Do you feel it in your heart?
Will He be a guest, I wonder,
In your joys to have a part?
Jesús! birthday! Let us heed it,
Nor let trifles lead astray;
Let us pay the holy homage
He expects of us this day.

TO ALL SALVATION ARMY FRIENDS

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE in any one issue of our paper to touch all of even the main activities of the Salvation Army. Our Eastern and Christmas Numbers reach thousands of friends who would, we are sure, like to have more news of what God is doing the Organization to do for the betterment of the world. "The War Cry" may be obtained weekly from local Corps, or by subscription.

Reasonable and Seasonable

A CHRISTMAS COMPETITION
FOR "WAR CRY" READERS
AT THE RIGHT TIME

We Want the Benefit of the Memories Stirred by the Associations
of Christmastime and Offer Valuable Prizes for the most Useful

WHEN comrades gather for Christmastide their association together invariably stirs memories, and tongues wax freely in the swapping of stories, the majority of which would make most interesting and useful reading for "The War Cry."

"The War Cry" has frequently arranged competitions in connection with which prizes have been offered for the best stories suitable for use in our Christmas Number. Good success has attended these, but we think still better can be done. Usually the competition has been timed to close when the Christmas Number has been in course of preparation, and it has thus been running at a period of the year when there has been wanting all the memory-stirring influences of the Christmas Season.

This is remedied in the present instance. The Competition is open now and will remain open all through the Christmas Season and sufficiently long afterwards to give time for the committing to paper and sending to "The War Cry" Office of particulars of those fine stories that are sure to be told, and which deserve wide publicity than that of the fire, or stove-side circle.

Particulars of the stories we want are set out below. Competitors may send in those that are their own, or those they have told others. The only stipulation is that they must be true. A wide-awake competitor will take pains when he or she meets with others at this season, to set the story-telling ball rolling, and will be quick to note and send in the best.

WHAT ARE WANTED!

- (1) Stories of Salvation Warfare that centre around Christmas-time—particularly reminiscences of early-day Field Work.
- (2) Stories of the relief of poverty; answers to prayer in the cases of those in need; the finding of missing friends; restoration of prodigals; and such like, that have connection with this season of the year.
- (3) Personal experiences at and around Christmas that have helpful lessons for others.

It will be seen there is here a very wide scope, but if you have a Christmas story that you do not think comes under any of these headings, send it in, and we will classify it for you. There is no stipulation as to the length of a story. The best story may be the shortest; or it may be the longest. Use as many words as are required to tell the story and no more, that is all we want.

WHAT WE OFFER!

- (1) Three Prizes in each section, of \$5, \$2.50, and \$1.00, respectively.
- (2) A Bonus of \$5 to be added to that of the amount of the prize awarded to any story if, in addition to its other merits, it has in it so much of real humour that no one can read it without getting at the same time: a dose of the medicine prescribed in Proverbs 17:22. We do not want anything that is only a funny story, but the saving grace of humour is a wonderful aid in getting home a point.
- (3) A Bonus of \$5 will also be added to the \$1.00 allotted to any story a scene or scenes from which are used as a full page picture, in colour or plain. We want something new along this line and if anyone can give it to us in this way, here's your chance.

DATE OF CLOSING AND CONDITIONS

The Competition will be closed on Monday, March 1st. The stories will be kept for use in next year's Christmas Number, but the results of the Competition will be announced as soon as possible after the closing date.

The Competition is open to every reader of "The War Cry" who is not connected with the Editorial Department.

The Editor's award with regard to the stories will be final, and the use of any or all of those sent in, whether prize-winners or not, will be at his discretion.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Origin Traced to Remote Times

The history of the Christmas tree is difficult to trace. It has been connected with Yggdrasil, the great tree of Norse mythology, and Christmas trees and May poles are known to be relics of that famous Scandinavian Ash. The roots and branches of Yggdrasil, the world tree, as it is sometimes called, the Tree of Time, bound together heaven, the earth, and hell. From it all tribes of nature received nourishment.

According to a Scandinavian legend of great antiquity the Christmas tree owes its origin to the service tree which sprang from the blood of two lovers who had been foully murdered. During the Christmas season flaming lights that no wind could extinguish sprang mysteriously from its branches at night, and the practice of illuminating the Christmas tree may, perhaps, be traced to this tradition, which no doubt was strongly influenced by the fact that lights were (and still are) a feature of the Jewish feast of the Chanukah or Lights (December 25). Among the Greeks Christmas is called the Feast of Lights.

From the earliest times Scandinavia was inhabited by two distinct peoples—the Swedes (or Swedes) in the north, and the Goths (or Goths), in the south. They spoke similar languages and were of the same stock. In the fourth century the territory occupied by the Goths was divided into the Gothic and the Visigothic, but this vast state was broken up by the Huns, whose hordes then overran Europe.

To the dispersion of the Goths may be attributed the spread of Scandinavian customs over the continent and the fact that the Christmas tree is sometimes said to have originated with the Germans.

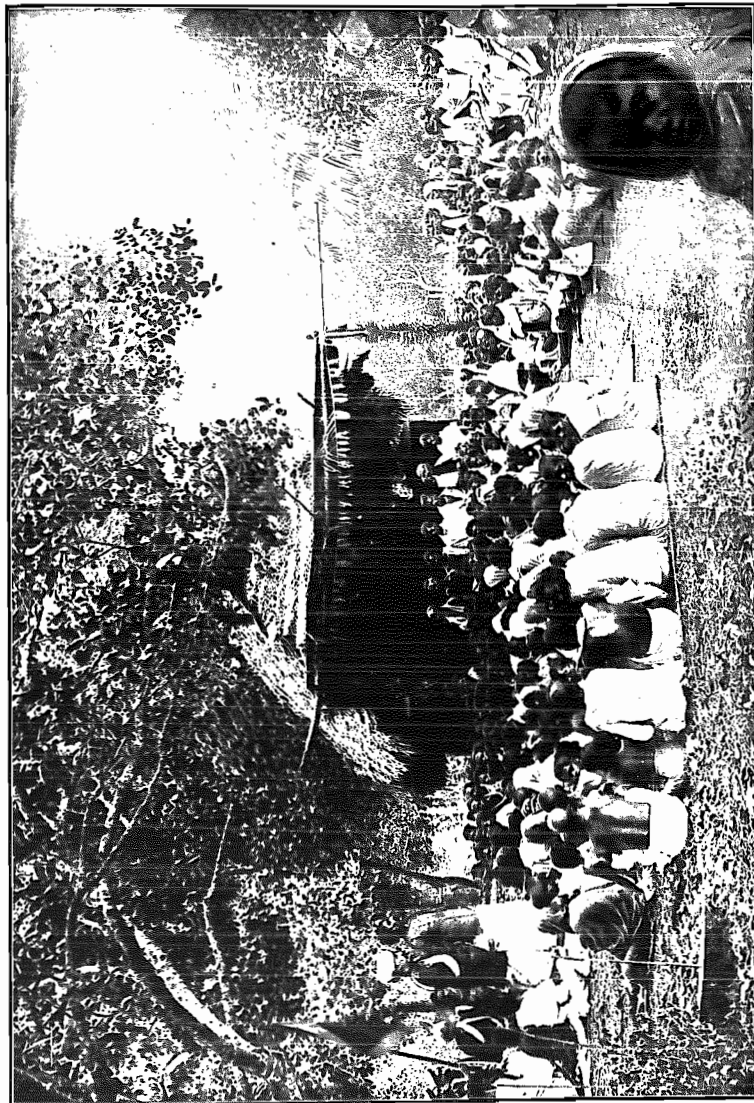
Sir George Birdwood has traced the history of the Christmas tree to the ancient Egyptian practice of decking houses at the time of the winter solstice with branches of the date palm, the symbol of life triumphant over death, and therefore of parental life or the renewal of sub-bounteous year—"The Literary Digest."

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS

FOR LONELY FOLKS

Lord God of the solitary, look upon me in my loneliness. Since I may not keep this Christmas in the home, send it to my heart. Let not my sins cloud me, but shine through them with forgiveness in the face of the Child Jesus. Put me in loving remembrance of the lowly lodging in the stable of Bethlehem, the sorrow of the Blessed Mary, the poverty and exile of the Prince of Peace. For His sake, give me a cheerful courage to endure my lot, and an inward joy to sweeten my life. Purge my heart from hard and bitter thoughts. Let no shadow of forgetting come between me and friends far away bless them in their Christmas joy and lodge me in with faithfulness, that I may not grow unworthy to meet them again. Give me good will to do, that I may forget myself, and find peace in doing it for Thee. Though I am poor, send me a carry some gift to those who are poorer, and cheer to those who are lonelier, since they have not known the friendship of Jesus. Grant me the chance to do a kindness to one of His little ones, and light Thou my Christmas candle at the goodness of an innocent and grateful heart.

—HENRY VAN WYKE.



right way. Our picture is reproduced from a unique photo of such an occasion. The headman of the village, it will be seen, is seated on a bench under the mandarin, while standing in the shade of the spreading tree, and with his blood-and-fire flag unfurled, the Army Officer explains the way of Salvation.

During the past 37½ years, citizens from India have passed through Canada. While with us they have stirred our hearts by telling of occasions when whole villages, desiring of turning from idol worship to the service of the true God, have invited the Salvation Army to come and instruct them in the

Heathens Seek
the True God

INQUIRIES concerning anything connected with the Army will gladly be answered if addressed to the Commissioner at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto or Winnipeg, and statements of account and balance sheets, which, duly audited by firms of repute, are published annually, will be forwarded upon application.

FRIENDS who desire that the work of the Salvation Army shall benefit under their will be given any information desired, direct or through their local advisers.

(\$1.50 per annum sent of Fort Williams \$2.00 sent direct to the Publisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.)

ANY FRIENDS desirous of studying the doctrines, principles, and methods of the Salvation Army can obtain books by its Founders, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by leading Officers from the Trade Secretaries at Toronto (20 Albert Street), or Winnipeg (200 Confederation Life Building), who will be glad to send lists upon application.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Abide with me I Fast fade the cynic's
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

from forest to prairie, there may be found families of the same study, intelligent type as in so well depicted here. And on Christmas Eve, we venture to say, there will be few who will not, around fireplace or stove, join in spirit with the shepherds of old in following the Star to the Bethlehem stable.

This study by a Canadian artist of a typically Canadian scene, because it is so true to type, puts into picture form the reason for the well-founded hopes which those who know Canada hold for the future of this great Dominion. In West as well as East, though the build of their homesteads differ with the change

Christmas Eve
on an Eastern
Homestead

